

go ask alice

~ Anonymous



This is a true story about a 15-year-old girl named Alice.

Her family moves to a new city where she has a hard time making friends. During the summer she goes back to her old town to visit grandparents. Her friends are not at home and Alice is bored to death. So when Jill – a girl she only kind of knows – asks her to a party, Alice is thrilled and thankful.

Jill's party changes Alice's life forever.

July 10
Dear Diary, 

I don't know whether I should be ashamed or excited. I only know that last night I had the most incredible experience of my life. It sounds terrible when I put it in words, but actually it was tremendous, and wonderful, and miraculous.

The kids at Jill's were so friendly and relaxed and at ease. I immediately felt at home with them. They accepted me like I had always been one of their crowd and everyone seemed happy and unhurried. I loved the atmosphere. It was great, great, great. Anyway, a little while after we got there Jill and one of the boys brought out a tray of Coke and all the kids sat down on the floor on cushions, or curled up together on the sofas.

Jill winked at me and said, "Tonight we're playing *Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?* You know, the game we used to play when we were kids." Bill Thompson, who was stretched out next to me, laughed, "Only it's too bad that now somebody has to babysit" he said.

I looked up at him and smiled. I didn't want to look too stupid.

Everyone sipped their drinks slowly, and everyone seemed to be watching everyone else. I kept my eyes on Jill supposing that anything she did I should do.

Suddenly I began to feel really strange, it felt like a storm in my head. I remember that two or three records had played since we had the drinks, and now everyone was beginning to look at me. The palms of my hands were sweating and the back of my neck too. The room seemed really quiet, and as Jill got up to



close the window shades completely I thought, "They're trying to poison me! Why, why would they try to poison me?"

My whole body was tense and a weird feeling of worry swept over me, strangled me, suffocated me. When I opened my eyes, I realised that Bill had put his arm around my shoulder. "Lucky you," he was saying in a slow-motion voice, "But don't worry, I'll babysit you. This will be a good trip. Come on, relax, enjoy it, enjoy it." He touched my face and neck tenderly, and said, "Honestly, I won't let anything happen to you." Suddenly he seemed to be repeating himself over and over like a slow-motion echo chamber. I started laughing, wildly, hysterically. It struck me as the funniest, most absurd thing I had ever heard. Then I noticed the strange shift-

ing patterns on the ceiling. Bill pulled me down and my head rested on his lap as I watched the patters change to swirling colours, great fields of reds, blues, and yellows. I tried to share the beauty with others, but my words came out soggy, wet and tasting of colour. I pulled myself up and began walking, feeling a chill that crept inside my body. I wanted to tell Bill, but all I could do was laugh.

I looked at a magazine on the table, and I could see it in 100 dimensions. It was so beautiful that I couldn't look at it and closed my eyes. I began floating in another world, another state. Things rushed away from me and at me, taking my breath away like a drop in a fast elevator. I couldn't tell what was real and what was unreal. Was I the table, or was I the book, or the

music, or was I part of all of them. But it didn't really matter, for whatever I was, I was wonderful. For the first time in my life I was completely uninhibited. I was dancing in front of the whole group, performing, showing off, and loving every second of it.

My senses were so up and down that I could hear someone breathing in the house next door and I could smell someone miles away making orange and red and green mixed jello.

After what seemed like forever I began to come down and

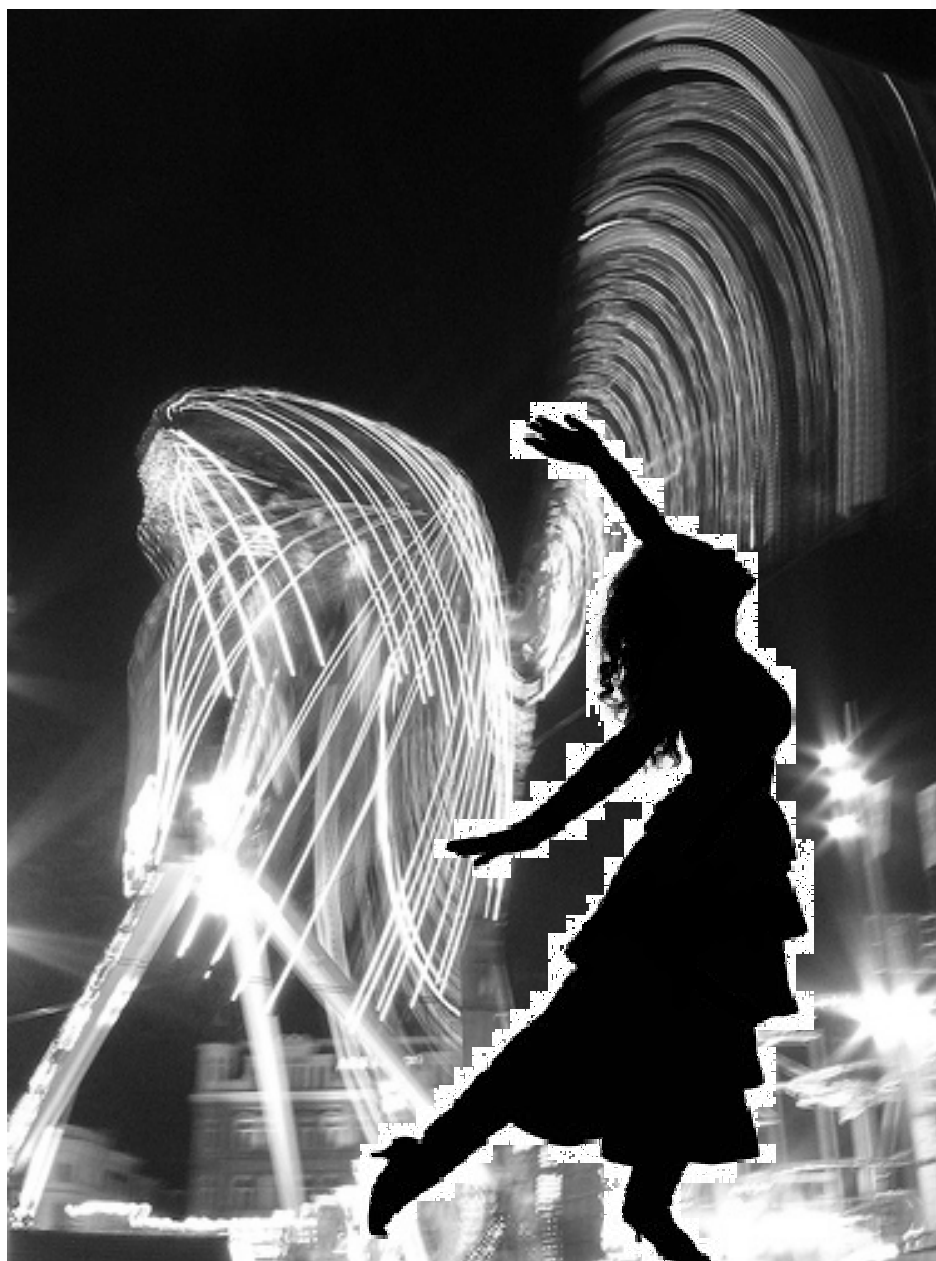
the party started breaking up. I sort of asked Jill what happened and she said that 10 out of 14 bottles of Coke had LSD in them and no one knew who would get them. Wow, am I glad I was one of the lucky ones.

Gramp's house was dark when we got home, and Jill helped me to my room, out of my clothes and into bed, and I drifted off into a seasick type of sleep. It was fun! It was amazing! But I don't think I'll ever try it again. I've heard too many frightening stories about drugs.

Now that I think back I should

have known what was happening! Any dum-dum should have known, but I thought the whole party was so strange and exciting I guess I wasn't paying attention. Maybe I didn't want to pay attention – I'd have been scared to death if I'd known. So I'm glad they did it to me, because now I can feel free and honest about not having made the decision myself. And besides the whole experience is over now and I'll never think of it again.

Alice.



July 13
Dear Diary,



For two days I've been worried that using LSD makes me a "dope addict".

I've heard so many low-class, unclean, despicable things about kids that use LSD and all the other drugs, I don't want to be like them.

But I'm so, so, so, so, so curious, and I can't wait to try pot, only once. I promise!

I just have to see if it's everything that it's cracked up not to be! All the things I've heard about LSD were obviously written by people who don't know what they're talking about; maybe pot is the same. Anyway, Jill called this morning, and she's going to her friend's for the weekend and she'll call me on Monday.

I told her I had a great, great, great time and she seemed pleased. I'm sure if I hint around she'll help me get to try pot once. Then I'll go home and forget the whole drug set-up, but it's nice to know what things are really like.

Alice.



When Alice goes home at the end of the summer, she has changed a lot. She goes on trying whatever drugs she can get her hands on – "uppers", "downers", "pot", LSD. Her parents are very worried about her, but they never suspect she is into drugs. When life gets too rough, Alice runs away with a new friend, Chris. They have a hard time when they run out of money and don't have anywhere to live, and they go home again. Alice decides to "stay clean". With the constant pressure from her peers, that is not easy.

January 24

Oh damn, damn, damn, it's happened again.

I don't know whether to scream with glory or curl up and die.

Anyone who says pot and acid are not addicting is a damn stupid, raving idiot, unenlightened fool! I've been on them since July 10, and when I've been off them, I've been scared to death to even think of anything that looks or seems like dope. All the time pretending to myself that I could take it or leave it!

All the dumb, idiot kids who think they are only just "trying it out" are really just existing from one "high" to the other. After you've had it, there isn't any life without drugs. Life without drugs is a prodding, colourless, bare existence.

It stinks.

And I'm glad I'm back.

Glad! Glad! Glad!

I've never had it better than I had it last night. Each new time is the best time, and Chris feels the same way. Last night when she called and asked me to come over, I knew something terrible had happened. She sounded like she didn't know what to do. But when I got there and smelled that incredible smell, I just sat down on the floor of her room with her and cried and smoked pot. It was wonderful, and we'd been without it for so long. I can't even explain how great it is.

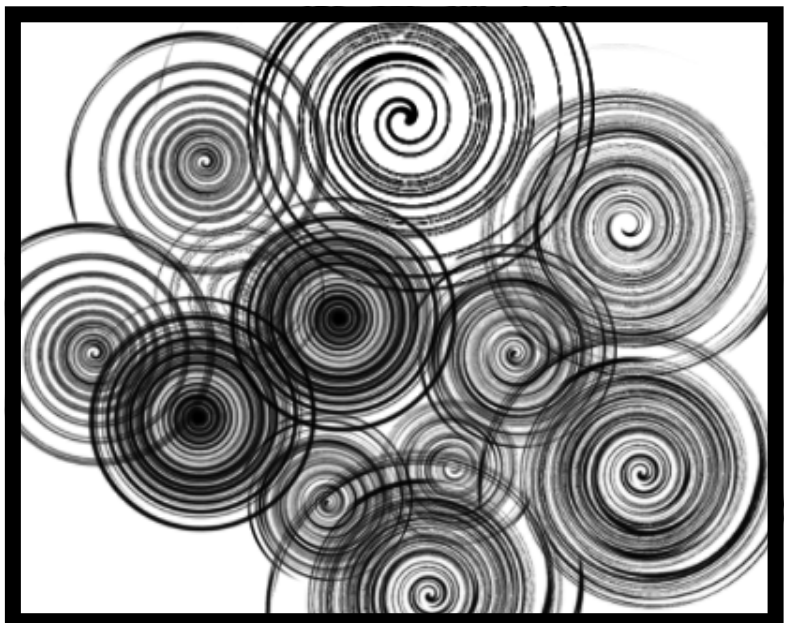
Later I called Mom and told her I was spending the night with Chris because she felt a little depressed.

Depressed?

No one in the world but a dooper could know the true opposite of depressed.

A.

Alice keeps taking drugs until she really reaches bottom. Once again she runs away, one once again she realises what she is doing to herself - that she's hurting herself.



When?

A raindrop just splashed on my forehead and it was like a tear from heaven.

Are the clouds and skies really crying for me?

Am I really alone in the whole wide grey world?

Is it possible that even God is crying for me?

Oh no ... no ... I'm losing my mind.

Please.

Help me.



?

I think it's morning.

I've been reading a paper that the wind blew up beside me. It says one girl had a baby in the park, and that two unidentified boys died during the night from O.D.s.

Oh, how I wish one of them had been me!

Another day

I finally talked to an old priest who really understands young people. We had a long talk about why young people leave home, then he called my Mom and Dad.

While I waited I looked at myself in the mirror. I can't believe that I have changed so little. I thought I would look old and grey, but I guess it's only me on the inside that feels like that.

Mum answered the phone in the family room, and Dad ran upstairs to talk too. I can't understand how they can still love me, and still want me, but they do!

They do! They do!

They were glad to hear from me and to know that I am all right. And they didn't yell at me or get angry or give me a lecture or anything. It's strange when something happens to me Dad always leaves everything in the whole world and comes. He loves me. He loves me! He truly does.

I just wish I could love myself.

I don't know how I can treat my family like I have. But I'm going to make it up to them, I'm through with all the shit. I'm not even going to talk about it or write about it or even think about it anymore.

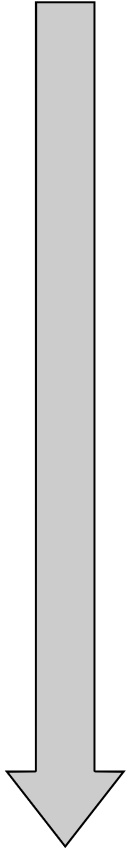
I am going to spend the rest of my entire life trying to please them.

Amazingly, Alice once again recovers. She starts to lead a normal life, is happy and looks forward to a better future. One day though her parents came home and found her dead from an overdose. No one knows why or how it happened. But it happened, and we can't ask Alice about it.



Make a timeline of the most important things that happened the night of the party.

BEGINNING OF THE NIGHT



END OF THE NIGHT

Write words to describe how Alice felt after the party at Jill's.

*How is visiting an amusement park like going to a party
where there will be alcohol?*

*Make a mind map that shows the good things you might look forward to,
and the bad things you might experience.*



*Summarize what happened in the story using:
Somebody wanted but so.*

Somebody (Character)	Wanted (Key Problem)	But (Conflict)	So (Outcome)
The Snuffs family <u>wanted</u> to blow out the candle to go to sleep, <u>but</u> no member of the family could blow it out <u>so</u> they asked the police officer for help.			

Make a character map to show what you know about Alice.



What is Alice's problem?

How does Alice act?

How do other characters relate to Alice?

Class discussion:

Who bears responsibility for what happened to Alice - her parents, herself, society, her friends?

Project:

What must change to avoid the same result?

Create a storyboard using pictures and words that shows the story. Change one thing and make a new ending based on the one thing you changed.

Brainstorm your ideas to help you figure out what part of the story you will change and what the ending will be.

STORYBOARD DRAFT
